

Wide open closet doors

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Summary: Adrien knows that he is lucky. His family accepts him for who he is. They do their best to make him comfortable and, though they might not always succeed, they try. Adrien knows that he is lucky because he has read the stories of those who weren't. Adrien knows that he is lucky because he is allowed to be himself. And herself.

Wide open closet doors

****Sequel****** to my other story, Pretty Girls and Pretty Boys.******

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><p>Coming out, is not a term that Adrien is intimately familiar with. Throughout her life, she has always been very open with the fact that she is what she is. The only time Adrien ever denied who she was, was when she couldn't stand the thought of it without her chest aching where a piece of her once was.

(It still aches but it's getting better. She's getting better.)

Adrien would be lying if she said that she had received nothing but love and support every time she expressed herself. There have been people who she met at high-class parties. There have been people doing business with her father. There have been other models. There have been staff members. They'd whisper as she passed and talk in private. They would scowl and frown. They would sneer and laugh cruelly. They would refuse to use the right pronouns. They would call her things.

"Freak."

"Fag."

"_Foolish child."_

"_Attention-seeker."_

Her mother had always done her best to shield Adrien and reassure her. Her father would tell them to shut up or fire them. Nathalie would send them looks of ice that had them biting their tongues instantly. Gorilla would hover like a tower and they would back away, perfectly intimidated.

Then her mother was gone and Adrien couldn't bring herself to _be _herself without feeling the pain of her mother's absence. Adrien hated herself for that. She had hated that the _she _part of her wouldn't go away. She had hated that she still wanted to wear dresses and skirts and heels and ballet flats. She would hate so much about herself.

Coming out, is not a term that Adrien is intimately familiar with. _Suppression, persecution_; those she is.

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><p>Adrien knows that he is lucky. His family accepts him for who he is. They do their best to make him comfortable and, though they might not always succeed, they try.<p>

Adrien knows that he is lucky because he has read the stories of those who weren't. Knows that some families will disown you. Knows that some families will force that out of you; will make you _want _to force it out of yourself. Knows that some people are killed for being different.

Adrien knows that he is lucky because he is _allowed_ to be himself. And herself.

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><p>Adrien is a he today and he wears a skirt and ballet flats to fencing. Eyes are on him the moment he walks through door but he pays them no mind as he walks to the locker room. He changes quickly and, during practice, at least two people try that much harder to knock him down. He beats everyone easily and it isn't until he's back in the changing room that anyone says anything.<p>

"Adrien," Marco says, eying the skirt that he's slipping back on. "What the hell are you wearing?"

"I like skirts." He says simply. Because it really is just that simple. He tucks his shirt in carefully and ignores the looks directed at him.

"They're girl clothes." Marco is moving closer now. He's got an inch on Adrien and it seems like he's trying to use it.

Adrien looks him in the eye as he slips on his shoes. "Clothes don't have genders." He goes to grab his duffle bag and Marco shoves him into his locker. There are a few boys behind them glaring at either Adrien or Marco. Others are dutifully ignoring the entire confrontation and trying to hurry out.

"_Girl clothes_." Marco insists, hissing the words out. He leans in uncomfortably close and glares so darkly that Adrien wonders if he's a low-level Akuma. "Boys don't wear skirts and girls aren't allowed in here. I see you looking like a fag again and I won't let you off with another warning. Got it?"

Adrien grits his teeth and narrows his eyes. He has spent so long hiding that he can't even bring himself to be a little sad about not being accepted by people he thought might be his friends. He's just angry that anyone would try to make him hide ever again.

He pushes Marco back and picks up his bag. He doesn't look back when he says, clearly and loudly, "Well, I'll be sure to be a girl next time you see." Outside of the locker room, Couch Armand D'Argencourt places a hand on Adrien's shoulder and asks if he's okay. "I've dealt with worse." Adrien isn't even referring to Akumas.

* * *

><p>Adrien comes to school in jeans and a t-shirt. She is a she today.<p>

Nino fusses over her about how she never responded to his texts and calls and how he was so goddamned worried. Adrien leans into the hug and squeezes back just as tightly. "I'm fine." She murmurs. She smiles and means it. Nino looks at her for a long moment and nods.

"You seem different." He says. "Anything happen?"

Adrien swallows and nods. She doesn't explain though. She isn't ashamed but the words cling too tightly to her tongue for her to utter. Nino just nods back and says nothing more on the topic. He fills any silence with all the things he did over the weekend.

Adrien has never loved Nino more than she did in that moment.

* * *

><p>"I'm a girl." She finally says. "Today at least. I'm not sure about tomorrow."<p>

Nino looks so confused that the truth spills forth before Adrien can even think about filtering anything. From start to where they are now, everything is explained. How young she'd been when it started, how young she'd been when she learned who she was, how young she was when she left. How young she was when she couldn't feel like she anymore. When it hurt to feel like a she. Then the slow road to recovery.

Nino doesn't look confused anymore and Adrien has a lump in her throat that's hard to breathe around. "It's okay." Nino whispers as he helps Adrien's heart settle. "It's okay. Everything's going to be fine now."

Adrien believes him and her world keeps turning.

* * *

><p>Adrien can't predict when she's a she or when he's a he. Adrien can't predict on what day he or she wants to wear skirts or jeans; heels or sneakers; dresses or hoodies; blouses or t-shirts.<p>

All Adrien knows is that some days, a voice whispers _girl_. Other days it whispers _boy_. It can whisper the same thing for days on end; for weeks and months. Sometimes it just whispers that one word for a few hours. Adrien has woken up a boy and gone to bed a girl before.

Adrien always feels foolish and sheepish when she has to inform someone about correct pronouns. Nathalie and Adrien's father are always careful about what they say. They don't use gendered words often.

Adrien thinks that if he _could_ _predict_ when she's a she and he's a he, she'd make them a calendar. He'd make one for Nino too. All the people who deserve them.

* * *

><p>Adrien doesn't know how to tell Ladybug. She is one of his best friend's but she's a special circumstance. He really doesn't think she'd care about whether or not he's sometimes a girl, or wears a skirt, but he can't be sure.<p>

Chat Noir and Ladybug are a team. That can not be jeopardized under any circumstances. Adrien wonders if this could jeopardize things. He thinks about not telling her but knows that she deserves to know. He _wants_ _her_ to know. He wants her to know that he trusts her with this piece of himself. He wants her to know that he won't hide from her.

* * *

><p>Chat Noir saves a woman from a man who corners her in a dark alley. Chat Noir walks her all the way home and drops the man off at the police station on the way. When thanked profusely by the woman, Chat Noir just says, "We ladies got to stick together right?" She winks at the woman and leaps onto a roof.<p>

Ladybug, who was near enough to catch the end of the conversation, says, "You're a€|girl?" her eyes are wide, her tone is incredulous, and her expression is stunned.

Chat had not seen her but she had heard Ladybug nearby. She figured it would be easier to break the news that way. "I am today." She responds. "I'm bigender."

Ladybug looks confused but she nods anyway. After that, their team work doesn't change. They are a well-oiled machine and as close as ever. Chat catches Ladybug looking like she wants to say something sometimes. Chat will wait until Ladybug is ready to ask.

* * *

><p>Adrien comes to school in ballet flats and a dress. She is a she today.<p>

Everyone stares but less than a third of them are bad stares. That's

better than Adrien expected. Nino greets her the same as always and they talk about how her father has decided her Chinese is good enough and how she's moving on to Italian and Dutch. They stop talking when Rose approaches, Juleka trailing behind her like a shadow.

"I love your dress Adrien." She gushes, her grin blinding. Behind her, Juleka shoots Adrien an approving smile and nod.

Adrien grins at her. "Thank you. I just got it and couldn't wait to wear it."

"It's amazing. It really brings out your eyes."

Then Chloe walks in and freezes the moment she sees Adrien. Her expression is one of total shock and she robotically walks up to her. "Adrien," she croaks. Adrien swallows down her nerves and clenches her hands so they don't shake as much. She isn't a good person or a very good friend but, Chloe is her first friend. Adrien knows it will hurt to lose her. "What are you wearing?"

"A dress." She says, aware of how the entire room is focused on this one interaction. "Do you like it?"

"Boys don't wear dresses."

"Well," Adrien smiles ruefully, "I guess it's a good thing I'm a girl today."

Chloe's mouth moves but no sound comes out. Her expression flickers through so many emotions so quickly that Adrien can't keep up. Finally, she picks a look of disgust. She sneers and storms out of the room quickly but Adrien still sees the guilt and hurt and betrayal in her eyes. Adrien barely has time to feel bad about that before, surprisingly, Marinette is on her.

"You said today." She says. Adrien turns to look at her and Marinette's blue eyes are trained intensely on her. "So you won't be a girl tomorrow?"

Adrien shrugs sheepishly. "Maybe? I can't really predict it." Then almost as an afterthought, adds, "I'm bigender by the way."

Marinette nods. "I have a friend that's bigender." Then she's blushing and avoiding Adrien's gaze and twiddling her fingers. "I, um, well I-I don't really much knowâ€"I mean I don't really know much on the subject sorry_."

Adrien smiles kindly at her. "It's okay. You can ask me questions if you want." Marinette nods.

A few of Adrien's classmates did come up to her during the day to ask questions. Thankfully none of them were anything bad. Chloe said nothing to her and avoided so much as looking at Adrien. Adrien was right, it did hurt.

Adrien was just making her way out of the school, Nino chatting idly beside her, when someone suddenly jerked her back. She turned to see Marco glaring down at her.

"I told you," he hissed, "next time I see you dressed like a fag, I wouldn't let you off with a warning."

Adrien scowled at him. She stuck out a hand to hold Nino back before he moved in front of her. Adrien could take a hit and knew Nino could too, but she would hate if Nino got hurt in her place. "And I told you I'd make sure I was a girl this time 'round. And you're in luck, I am!"

Marco growled. "You know Adrien," he said as he shoved her back. "I thought you were cool. But then you come with this stupid gay shit." He shook his head. "Even when I try to warn you, you just can't get it through your thick skull that it's wrong."

Adrien snarled and opened her mouth to say something. Before she could, Marco suddenly went careening backwards. He fell hard, landing on his back as Chloe stood over him, radiating anger.

"What the _fuck_," she seethed, eyes narrowed to dangerous slits. "Do you think you're doing?"

Marco stared up at her for a moment, stunned. Then he frowned and moved to stand up. "None of your business. So justâ€"

Chloe quickly slammed her foot into his chest, pinning him to the floor. "It's plenty of my business!" She shouted down at him. "And if you _ever_ _come_ near Adrien again, I will ruin you."

Marco stared skeptically back up at her. "You?" he snorted. "What, you'll go make your daddy do something?"

"No," Chloe hissed, glowering down at him. "I'll handle it myself."

Chloe was not that large. She was skinny and only a bit taller than most of the other girls around school. But none the less, she was a force to be reckoned with. And right now, foot planted on Marco's chest and holding him down, she'd never seemed larger. Marco seemed to realize this too.

Marco pursed his lips into a thin line and stared at Chloe for a moment, not really meeting her eyes. Then he looked away and huffed. "Fine, whatever." Chloe stared him down longer, not moving her foot. "I'll leave him alone, alright?"

"And her."

Marco's jaw clenched. "_Her_ too." He spat. Chloe still took her time letting him up after that, watching his every move carefully. But Marco didn't do or say anything. He just stood up, brushed himself off, and walked away. The worst he did was bump pointedly into Adrien shoulders when he passed her.

"Hmph!" Chloe scoffed when she saw the move. "What a petty peasant." Then she strode away, easily cutting a path through the crowd that had formed. She didn't spare Adrien a glance. When Sabrina hurried after her though, Sabrina shot Adrien a small, reassuring smile. Adrien didn't necessarily need it but the gesture was appreciated.

"_Dude_." Nino hissed eventually, the crowd still lingering and murmuring around them. Adrien quickly grabbed his arm and dragged her friend away. The crowd slowly started to dissolve then. "_Dude_, Chloe totally just defended your honour."

Adrien let out a loud laugh, leaning against Nino's shoulder and paying no mind to Gorilla who was standing nearby looking concerned. She'd have to buy Chloe a present for that. Or take her somewhere. Anything really. Chloe would never talk about it but Adrien was going to show her gratitude like the well-mannered person she was raised to be.

Adrien would also have to explain what had happened to her father. Gabriel would look upset and awkwardly try to make sure that she was okay. (She was so much more than okay right now). Nathalie would be tense and she'd get that line in between her brows that she got when she cared but didn't want to. Gorilla wouldn't say anythingâ€"he never doesâ€"but he would hover closer and be far more vigilant, distressed that he hadn't been at Adrien's side to protect her.

Beside her, Nino was warm. His fingers were gently wrapped around her wrist and his entire being radiated with unvoiced support and comfort.

Adrien had never felt so lucky in her entire life.

End
file.